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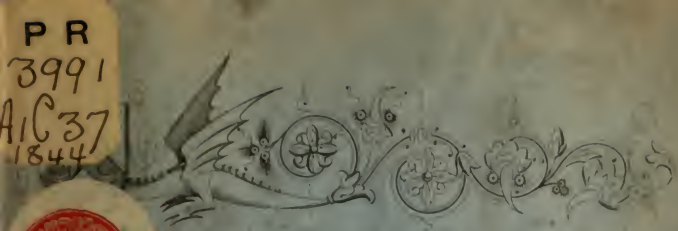

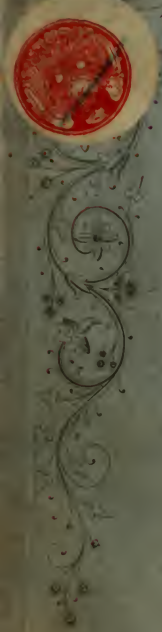

Floreat Æternum
Carthusiana Domus.

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1844
DOBELL COLLECTION

A. R. Stokes.

Charterhouse

Godalming

Surrey

October 26. 1873.

BVBBLE & SQVEAK:

OR,

THE CHARTER-HOVSE PLAY:

TOGETHER WITH

Lays, Lyrics, Ballads & Poems,

ALL RELATING TO THE CHARTER-HOVSE,

AND

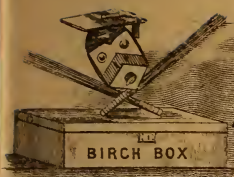
ALL COMPOSED BY CARTHVSIANS.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED BY E. A. H. L.

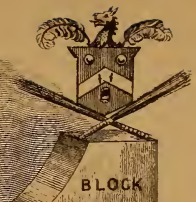
CHARTER-HOVSE:

Jvly ye 10th,

1844.



FLOREAT ÆTERNUM CARTHUSIANA DOMUS



THE CHARTER HOUSE PLAY

OR

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

DEDICATED WITHOUT PERMISSION

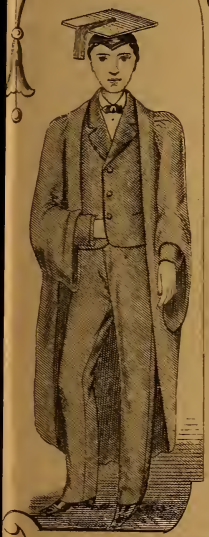
TO THE

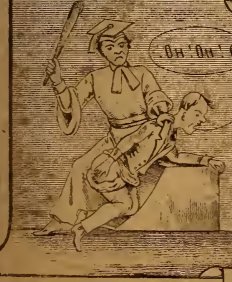
REV^D A.P. SAUNDERS. D.D. F.R.S

AND THE OTHER MASTERS

OF THE

CHARTER HOUSE





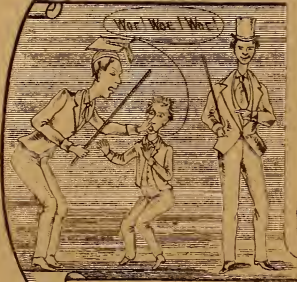
COMPOSED BY

KING,

NICHOLSON,

J. RUSSELL,

& VENABLES.



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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dr. WHACKEM	Head Master.
Mr. NABBEM	Second Master.
Mr. BEARDLESS	Assistant Master.
STEADY	Uppers.
SIMPLE	
MURPHY	
FILLPOT	Fags.
TRENCHER	
SCRUB	
WILLIAM GODLEY	Servant to Mr. Nabbem.
Mrs. NABBEM	Wife of Mr. Nabbem.
DINAH DISHCLOUT	Servant to Mr. Nabbem.
Mrs. PINCH	Housekeeper.

ACT I.

Scene I.

Enter Fillpot *and* Trencher.

A dreadful crash is heard without.

Fillpot. Ye Gods! what sound; what dreadful crash was there?
Has stupid Scrub let fall the crockery ware?
Oh! how he'll catch it from that bully Steady,
If, after prayers, the supper is not ready.
Poor Scrub! what licks, what boners I foresee;
I'm hanged if I a'nt glad it was not me.

Trench. Oh! stupid Scrub, for ever doomed by nature
To be an useless, aggravating creature.
He never did no good, nor never will;
He always was a fool, and will be still.

Enter Scrub, *whimpering.*

Well, what's the damage?

Scrub. Nabbem's best tureen
Will never more on festal board be seen;

The broken fragments lie all scattered round,
And blue and white bestrew the mottled ground.
Plates, dishes, sauce-boats, all in ruin lie,
And there's an end of Nabbem's crockery.

FILLPOT. Well, Scrub, you've done it; what a pretty go!
We shan't get walloped, not at all—oh, no!

TRENCH. I never sent you, Scrub, you stupid elf,
So, if you please, you'll bear the blame yourself.

SCRUB. Alas, alas! much to my cost, I find
That fags are like the rest of human kind;
For true it is no mortal bosom knows
Soft pity's impulse for another's woes.
To save your dastard limbs I went to seek
More plates: it's been my hapless lot to break.
For kindness ruled my breast, but you have shown
Ingratitude, the tenant of your own.
Do show me up, you dastard cowards, do;
I bet I coin a lie to bring me through.

[*Exit, in a great rage.*

FILLPOT. Well! Scrub has cut his stick, and, by the powers,
I think we may as well cut ours.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Scene II.

Mr. Nabbem *seated in his study, soliloquising.*

Mr. N. Thank heaven, the quarter's o'er; the trouble's past,
And the last evening has arrived at last.
To-morrow's sun shall see me on my way
To rural Margate, or to Pegwell Bay,
With Mrs. Nabbem, in the one-horse shay.
There will I rest me during the vacation,
And on the jetty take my recreation;
There will I dip beneath the briny main,
Then, sputtering, raise my head—and dip again,
While Mrs. N. gains vigour to support her
Thro' all the labours of the coming quarter.
Then will I muse.—But, hark! what noise;
Is it some disturbance with the boys?
What are they up to now, I'd like to know?
Methinks I'll go and take a peep below.
Perchance they meditate a feast, but I
Will go at once and stop their revelry.
But, stay awhile; they have not yet begun;
I'll patient wait till evening prayers are done,
Then Nab'em in the middle of their fun.

Enter Dr. WHACKEM *and* Mr. BEARDLESS. *Mr. Nabbem bows low;* Mr. B. *ditto; their heads meet in concussion. A sound is produced like knocking together two empty "bottles."*

Mr. N. Beardless, you've broke my head.

BEARD. Such facts as these
Are often found in Aristophanes.

Dr. W. Stop the quotation, Beardless, I'm imperious,
Our business here is really very serious.
I've just stepped in, to stay with you till ten,
To talk of divers matters, and to know
If you have ought to say before you go.

Mr. N. Yes, Doctor, yes; I'll tell you what,
I think I've found out a most awful plot,
Just now I saw, so did my wife and daughter,
A hamper large, and three great pots of porter
Brought to the door, and, just as you came in,
Of crashing crockery I heard a din.
I think, for these sad doings in the kitchen,
Some of the scamps deserve a famous switching.

BEARD. The comic Bard—

Dr. W. Beardless, no more, I pray,
Put off the Ranæ till another day.

Mr. Beardless, *forbidden to speak, having seated himself in a corner, with his favourite author, begins to study; Dr. W. turns to Mr. N.*

Nabbem, you know full well I do not seek
To teach but Latin and mellifluous Greek,
The laws of discipline and morals are
The primal objects of my anxious care,
For this, two afternoons a week are spent
In careful study of the Testament;
That they might reverence our Church's high day,
I kept them all confined in school last Friday,
And you, I beg, I hope, I trust, I feel,
Will second me with all your anxious zeal,
In keeping in good discipline and order
Each insubordinate rebellious boarder.
So, worthy Mr. Nabbem, if you fear
That all ill-disciplined is brewing here,
Just shew it up to me, and, after that,
You know the ancient proverb,—*Verbum Sat*,
But now that I begin to cogitate,
My duties all so manifold and great,
No longer can I stay, 'tis half past eight.
Come, Mr. Beardless! Why, the man's asleep,
I really thought that he was studying deep.

Mr. N. Perhaps he's in the Clouds.

Nabbem, a pun
Is far beneath the dignity of one
Who rules a school; come, Beardless, let's begone.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

BEARDLESS, *waking with a sigh, follows pensively, with Mr. Nabbem's Aristophanes under his arm.*

Mr. N. Thank heaven they're gone. Does Whackem think that I
Can't keep my house correct and orderly?
Yet, to prevent his preaching in the morning,
I'll call my foot-boy up, and give him warning
Thro' this last night to sleep in peace and quiet,
And not to aid the boys in any riot.

Mr. N. *rings the bell, and seats himself magisterially. Enter* WILLIAM GODLEY, *with a Johnson's Dictionary under his arm, and a pharisaical cast of countenance.*

Mr. N. Well, have you learnt your task?

W. G. Yes, Sir, I know,
The lesson Mrs. Nabbem set me to.
A page of Johnson, Sir, and here it be's,
It is the very first among the E's.

Mr. N. Well, never mind your lesson now, Miss Sly
Will hear the page of Johnson bye and bye.
What have you done to night?

W. G. I've been, down stairs,
A cleaning knives, and saying of my prayers.

Mr. N. Yes, Will, so far, so good; but do not you,
Know of some coming supper? tell me true.

W. G. Who! me, Sir! me, Sir! sure you don't mean I?
Why, if I did, I'd tell you so surely.
What! do you think that I from you should hide it?
You touch my honour, Sir,—I can't abide it.

Mr. N. Nay weep not, William; grieve no longer, youth,
I doubt not of your probity and truth,
Only be careful, only tell to me,
If aught extraordinary you may see.
Watch the street door, and mind what you're about,
And let no parcel in—no body out.

WILL. GODLEY *retires, with a bow, but almost immediately returns.*

W. G. I beg your pardon, Sir, but Mr. Steady
Wishes to know if you for prayers are ready.

Mr. N. I go, I go ; mind, William, what I've said,
Put all in order, and then go to bed.

[*Exit* Mr. Nabbem.

W. G. Yes, go to bed, I think you've got it, Master,
This really is the shockingest disaster.
I couldn't understand, what 'twas he said,
Who can have put such notions in his head ?
I could tell something if I chose to tell,
But, really Mr. Steady pays so well.
Suppose it is found out, why I don't know
A word about it, and I've told him so ;
And if I'm sent away, why, I don't care,
'Tis but six pound and one new suit a year.

[*Exit.*

Scene III.

The culinary regions. Savoury smells issue from the pot, fags running in all directions, bearing plates, &c.

Chorus of Fags.

Fillpot, Trencher and Scrub.

When shall we three meet again,
Fillpot, Trencher, tell us when;
When the prayers are o'er and done;
When the feasting is begun;
When the turtle's melted down;
When the soles are turning brown;
When, upon the smoking board,
Fish, and flesh, and fowl are stored;
When the sun sinks 'neath the main,
Then shall we three meet again.

Tren. Take the purse, and quickly look,
Ere you pay the pastry cook;
Pay him, pay him speedily,
Shillings ten, and pennies three.

Chorus.

Dinah, round the caldron go,
In the salt and pepper throw,

Force-meat balls, and spices too;
Let it boil, and bubble then,
Stir it thrice, and thrice again.

TREN. See, the fruiterer is come;
Pay him quick, and send him home;
Another comes, another still,
Haste you, Scrub, and pay the bill.

[*Clock strikes nine.*

Hark, within the chapel tower,
The chiming bell proclaims the hour,
When names are called, and prayers are said,
And all the Unders go to bed,
Haste we, brothers, haste we then,
After prayers we meet again.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The French room in MR. NABBEM'S *house, the table covered with all the delicacies of the season; deficiencies in crockery, a wash-hand basin supplies the place of a soup tureen and empty bottles of candlesticks,* FILLPOT, TRENCHER, *and* SCRUB *waiting.*

Enter STEADY, SIMPLE *and* MURPHY, *who seat themselves at the table.*

STEADY. Why, what's all this, a nasty dirty basin,
To hold the soup, not fit to wash one's face in.
Where's the tureen, you stupid rascals, where?

F. & T. That stupid Scrub has broke it on the stair.

STEADY. 'Twas you, you stupid, was it; then, be quick,
Go to my cupboard, fetch me here a stick.
If I don't thrash you well——

SCRUB. No, Steady, don't,
For when you've heard the truth I'm sure you won't.

As I was coming up that winding stair,
Bending beneath the weight of crockeryware,
Fillpot and Trencher 'cross the step had tied
A treacherous cord, stretched out from either side.
This, as I tottered up, just caught my toe,
And sent me rolling to the court below.
Dire was the concussion, dreadful was the clatter,
Of mugs and basins, dish, tureen and platter.
I'm sure, twas they who did it, out of spite,
Because I made them beds called apple-pie last night.

FILLPOT. Well, did you ever ?

TRENCH. No, I never.

[FILLPOT *and* TRENCHER *clasp their hands, and turn up the whites of their eyes.*

MURPHY. Och ! by the powers, when next I want a lie,
I'll go to Scrub, he fibs so gracefully.

SIMPLE. Oh ! never mind the fools, the soup 's quite cold.
I cannot lose my supper whilst you scold.

STEADY. Now, there's a lie amongst you, I can see,
So on the morrow I will lick all three.
Murphy, some soup ; that Simple will be done,
The greedy wretch, before we've half begun.

MURPHY. Sure, by St. Patrick, he does eat too fast;
Ere his first mouthful 's done he eats his last.

STEADY. Now look at Simple; why, now, what's the joke?

SIMPLE. Auch, auch, dear me! auch, auch, alas! I choke!

STEADY. Go, Fillpot, slap his back.

MURPHY. Oh, botheration!
He's in a mighty awkward situation.

FILLPOT, TRENCHER *and* SCRUB *run to* SIMPLE, *and play the devil's tattoo upon his back, with much energy and feeling.* SIMPLE *soon recovers.*

STEADY. Allow me, Simple, just to recommend
A glass of hock, your malady 'twill mend.

SIMPLE. Oh, dear! I'm better now; that horrid soup
Has made me cough as if I had the croup.
Hand me the bottle; why, you stupid asses,
Fillpot and Trencher, where are the green glasses?

STEADY. Murphy, you'll join us.

MURPHY. Oh, with pleasure, Steady;
To second such a vote, I'm always ready.

A long silence, during which nothing is heard but the clashing of knives and forks. Various viands quickly vanish.

The spirits of the party evidently rise as the spirits in the bottles fall. At length, the cloth is removed, and the ags assiduously place clean glasses before their respective masters.

STEADY. Now for a glorious toast, here's "Church and King!"
And with our plaudits let the chamber ring.

MURPHY. Now, here's to Charter-house, the Devil burn 'em
Who wish it evil. *Floreat æternum.*

[*Great uproar! each in turn drains his glass, and throws it over his shoulder.*

SIMPLE. "My lords and gentlemen," I only rise—
The bottle's out—to move for fresh supplies;
It seems to me uncommon fast we drink,
Those rascal fags drink half the wine, I think.
Also, it seems to me to be expensive
To burn four lights, our stock is not extensive,
And dips are rising, I will therefore smother
This one, and, Fillpot, you put out the other.

SIMPLE *tries to execute his purpose, and burns his fingers in effecting it.* FILLPOT *puts out the other candle, and as there had been but two all the time, the party is involved in darkness. With some trouble the room is re-illuminated.*

STEADY. Simple, you fool, why take such needless trouble
To prove that you are tipsy, and see double?

SIMPLE. Most noble Steady, tipsy I am not,
For Nature ne'er created me a sot.
To prove that I am sober, I will go
To Mr. Nabbem's door, and tell him so.

[SIMPLE *makes a zig-zag digression towards the door.*

MURPHY. Run, Fill-pot; seize his tail, and pull him back—

SIMPLE. Hold thy base recreant tongue, thou Paddy-whack.

SIMPLE *continues his course towards the door*, FILLPOT, TRENCHER *and* SCRUB *pursue him, and seize his coat tails, which unfortunately give way.* SIMPLE'S *head is precipitated against the door-post, and the fags are precipitated on their "derrièrs."*

STEADY. Well, Simple's finished, take him up to bed.

MURPHY. Not till the funeral service has been o'er him said.
So, Fill-pot, raise the corpse, if you are able,
And when you've done so, lay it on the table.

STEADY *pours out a bumper of wine, and* MURPHY *a spoonful of soup, both of which are forced promiscuously into the corner of* SIMPLE'S *mouth.*

STEADY. And is he dead? Most nobly did he fall,
Crowned with the honours of our festival.
I cannot tell what depth his soul has sunk to;
Howe'er, he is *pro tempore defuncto.*
Oh, Tailor, Tailor, thou hast paved the way
To this disastrous, this eventful day.—
Or rather this sad night, as I should say.
Oh, had his tails been strong! why did'st not make
The garment stronger, for my Simple's sake.
There then he is, tranquil and calm, between us,
A noble specimen of *Bacchi plenus.*
So Cæsar fell, and so fell Alexander,
What joy to fall like that renowned commander.
Now let us crown his corpse; go, fetch some laurels,
Bright was his virtue, and correct his morals.
We can't embalm him, and we won't embowel,
So we'll enshroud him in yon snow white towel.
Now let us bear him to the silent tomb.
I mean, the further corner of the room;
Beside yon door; my tears prevent me speaking,
I can't go on; my heart is well nigh breaking.

STEADY, *either through fatigue, or through an inability to stand any longer, sinks back in his chair. The three fags simultaneously raise their handkerchiefs to their eyes, and* MURPHY, *after sticking a lighted candle into the*

mouth of the corpse, raises an Irish howl, in the midst of which three mysterious knocks are heard at the door.

MURPHY. Oh, let him in, 'tis only William Godley,
Though by my soul the knocks sound rather oddly.

SCRUB *opens the door. Enter* Mr. NABBEM, *stumbling over the body of* SIMPLE. *All stand transfixed. The fags sink down upon their knees.*

STEADY. Scrub, run fetch a glass for Mr. ——; Lord ——;
I quite forget your name, upon my word.

Mr. N. Rascals, to your sorrow,
You shall find out what my name is to-morrow.

Enter WILLIAM GODLEY, *bringing in a pot of boiling coffee and a plate of buttered toast.*

W. G. Here, gentlemen, is the coffee and the toast.
My eyes, if there arn't master or his ghost.

W. GODLEY *drops the boiling coffee on the prostrate body of* SIMPLE, *and exit hastily.* SIMPLE *starts up, and with a hideous howl rushes out in pursuit of him.*

Mr. N. Go, get to bed, you paltry, drunken boys,
Go, get to bed, and make no further noise.
I'll teach you thus my orders to be scorning,
I'll show you up, all six, to-morrow morning.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Scene II.

Simple's *bed room*, Simple *reclining on a couch.* Steady *and* Murphy, *rendered sober by the shock, are standing near.*

Simple. What evil fate sent Nabbem up this way?
To-morrow morning, oh! what shall we say?
What shall we say? I really can't divine
What pretext we can give for having wine.
Much as I turtle love, I'd rather go
My whole life soupless than be found out so;
Though fish, flesh, fowl were found upon the table,
And I might cram as much as I was able;
Though tarts and jellies of stupendous size,
All tempting, stood before my longing eyes,
Rather would I on bread and water sup,
Than in the morning to Whackem be shown up.
But vain are these suggestions of my mind,
I should have thought of them before I dined.

Steady. Come, Simple, go to bed, it is no use
To spend the night in framing an excuse.

Murphy. For me, all falsehood and deceit I scorn,
I took the wine to cure a plaguy corn.

SIMPLE. And I for head-ache, thank you for the notion.

STEADY. And I for inward grumbling and commotion;
And, as alone the claret would not stay,
We took the supper just to pave the way.
But there is one thing wanting—'tis absurd
To think that Whackem will believe one word.

SIMPLE. What must be, must; you'll get off nicely, Steady,
But as for me, I feel the birch already.

MURPHY. E'en now methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I view afar the Doctor, birch in hand.
The dreadful altar rising thro' the gloom,
I see, I see within the darkened room,
The kneeling victim at the shrine prepared,
And the dread weapon o'er his head upreared.
He turns his head; I know that eye, that dimple,
It is, it is, my well beloved Simple.

[SIMPLE, *who had shewn much emotion during the speech of* MURPHY, *makes his way out of the room. Exeunt omnes.*

ACT III.

Scene I.

Breakfast-room in Mr. Nabbem's *house;* Mr. *and* Mrs. N *at breakfast.* Mr. N. *studying the interior of an egg-shell, and lost in meditation.* Mrs. N. *regards him with tender anxiety.*

Mrs. N. What ails my Nabbem? why, upon thy brow,
Has indignation stamped it's crimsom glow?
Say then, am I grown hateful to thy sight?
What ugly dream disturbed thy sleep last night?
Dost thou refuse, my darling and my life,
To tell thy secrets to thy loving wife?
Now, tell to me the cause of thy displeasure,
Which in its depths my faithful heart will treasure?

Mr. N. My love, 'twould pain thy tender heart to know,
The ills a man like me must undergo;
To find my boys rebellious, and to see
Them slight the reverence that is due to me.
Cease then, my love, to urge thy fond request,
"Where ignorance is bliss,"—you know the rest.

Mrs. N. Talk not of evils, I too have my share,
Unnumbered insults do I daily bear.
Last night, as in the drawing-room I sat
I heard them plan the murder of my cat.

Mr. N. Would 'twere no worse, but greater far the evils
I've now to tell; the boys are very devils;
Suffice to say, that late on yester night
I found one drinking, and one drunk outright,
A supper too they had, the heated room,
Steamed with the viand's savoury perfume.

Mrs. N. Oh never mind, 'tis only youthful fun,
What you yourself in your young days have done.

Enter Mrs. PINCH, *with dismay depicted in every feature.*

Mrs. N. Why, Pinch, what now?

Mrs. P. Madam, I grieve to tell,
The sad misfortune that last night befell,
That Mr. Scrub has broke an awful lot
Of your best crockery-ware, I can't tell what.
I found the caudle cup which master bought
To grace his future offspring, as he thought;
I told him 'twould be wanted, but he said,
There was no fear, dear madam, on that head,
Six plates, two dishes, on the list are seen,
And last not least the very best tureen.

Mrs. N. Why, not the blue and white ?

Mrs. P. The very same.

Mrs. N. Run, show them up, but stop I'll go myself,
To take my Sunday service from the shelf!
The very set which our poor Grandpapa,
Gave to us, Nabbem, on our wedding day.
When you in satin small clothes led the ball,
And I shone forth the most admired of all.

Mr. N. Nay, don't take on so, Betty, I will go,
And the whole matter to the Doctor show,
First, Pinch, go down, and from the kitchen send
Those servants who've thought proper to offend.
[*Exit* Mrs. Pinch.
No menial shall within my house be seen
Who dares my orders thus to contravene.

Enter Dinah Dishclout *and* William Godley.

Both. O Master, Mistress, listen to our story,
Look down upon us as we kneel before ye,
We both are guilty, for we both have broken,
The words which your revered mouths have spoken.
We offers no excuse, we only say,
What day you wishes us to go away ?

Mr. N. Go? why, this moment, hence, this instant go,
And never more your brazen faces show.

W. G. Well, Mr. Nabbem, though you be's outrageous,
Before I goes I'll thank you for my wages,
And if I go directly, why, you see,
There's one month extra to be paid to me.

[*Exeunt* Mr. *and* Mrs. NABBEM, *pushing out* DINAH DISHCLOUT *and* WILLIAM GODLEY.

Scene II.

The under school, with all the forms in it; Dr. Whackem, *in full academicals, reclining in an easy chair;* Mr. Beardless *standing up behind him, with his hands in his pockets. Enter* Mr. Nabbem, *with all the culprits, who are ranged before the tables.*

Mr. N. Oh! Doctor! Doctor! such a tale have I
To tell, of baseness and hypocrisy;
Such gross rebellion and contempt of rule
I ne'er before have witnessed in this school.
I went my customary rounds last night,
To see that every boy put out his light——

Dr. W. A necessary rule.

Mr. N Why, Sir, the fact is
It is my constant and established practice.
But, to proceed. As, on my duty bent,
With silent footsteps up the stairs I went,
Loudly some voice from out the French room hollowed,
And instantaneous peals of laughter followed.
I knocked, and was admitted; what a scene!
Oh that such doings in my house have been—

The room smelt strong of wine; behind the door
One drunken wretch lay stretched upon the floor,
And one—I thought the rascal had more grace—
Dared to insult me to my very face.

Mr. BEARDLESS, *who has been standing by, here bursts into loud laughter.*

Dr. W. Why, Beardless, you are mad.

Mr. B. Oh! if you please,
I could not help it—Ar-ist-oph-an-es!

[Dr. W. *turns and addresses* Mr. NABBEM.

Dr. W. Proceed, good Mr. Nabbem; pray go on,
And say what happened after this was done.

Mr. N. As little could in such a case be said,
I sent them all immediately to bed;
And so, not knowing clearly what to do,
I thought it right to bring the case to you.

Dr. W. Right, Mr. Nabbem! nothing could be better,
You have fulfilled my wishes to the letter.
Are these the youths who thus have disobeyed
The laws which I imperative have made?
Which was the boy in such a filthy state,
And which of them insulted you, discriminate?
I promise you that punishment shall fall,
In due proportion, on the heads of all.

Mr. N. Stretched like a hog within its filthy stye,
Upon the floor, did Joseph Simple lie,
And though to give his name I am not ready,
He who insulted me was Simon Steady.

Dr. W. Oh! Simon Steady, Simon Steady, oh!
What would your father say to see you so?
You whom I trusted, whom I always deemed
As really good and honest as you seemed;
You whom I thought would set a good example,
Are you the first upon my rules to trample?
Are you the leader of this lawless throng,
The chief of all that's dissolute and wrong?
Bad is the drunkard, shameless is the youth,
Who dares desert the sacred paths of truth;
But he who hides himself 'neath virtue's pall,
The painted hypocrite, is worse than all.
For you, your monitorial situation
Protects you from corporeal castigation.
But never more, while master here I reign,
Shall you my trust and confidence regain,
Now, take your station in the form below;
I envy not your feelings; go, sir, go.

[Dr. WHACKEM *turns to* MURPHY *and* SIMPLE.

At your misconduct I am not surprised,
'Tis just before what I have oft surmised.

I waste not terms on you, you know your doom;
Wait for me yonder in the flogging room.

[*Turning to* Mr. N. *and the fags.*

For these misguided youths, who've gone astray,
Led on by others worse by far than they,
I leave you, Mr. Nabbem, or to punish—
Or, if you like it better, to admonish.

Dr. WHACKEM *enters the flogging room with the Monitor.*

Chorus of Fags.

Now the victim low is bending;
Now the fearful rod 's descending.

[*Swish—swish—within.*

Hark! a blow! again, again,
Sounds the instrument of pain!

[*Swish—swish—within.*

Goddess of Mercy, oh impart
Thine influence o'er the Doctor's heart.
Bid him words of pardon say;
Cast the blood stained scourge away.

[*Swish—swish—within.*

Woe! woe! woe! woe!

[*Oh! oh! oh! oh! within.*

In vain, in vain, he will not hear,
Mercy is a stranger there;

Justice, unrelenting dame,
First asserts her lawful claim.
This is, aye, her maxim true,
Those who sin must suffer too;
When of fun we've had our fill,
Justice then sends in her bill;
And, as soon as we have read it,
Pay we must, she gives no credit.

[*Flogging ceases.*

The Fags enter towards the middle of the stage.

Now the fearful drama 's played,
The penalty of sin is paid;
Such the joys, and such the evils,
Of our brief, Carthusian revels.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

LAYS AND LYRICS

OF THE

CHARTER-HOUSE.

TO MR. JAMES.

(Rev. Canon James, of Theddingworth, near Peterborough, formerly a Master at the Charter-house.)

A beardless boy, himself just fresh from school,
Bashful and shy, not knowing how to rule,
'Midst graver seniors, takes a master's place;
But, tho' his brows the tasselled trenchers grace,
Though proud, he stalks in flowing length of gown,
In vain he apes a magisterial frown.
Whene'er he speaks, his lisping tongue affords
A heap of unintelligible words;
Not quite an idiot, yet not half a sage,
He talks and blunders in each learned page;
Then, blushing, tries to hide the murdered verse,
And, by correction, makes the fault still worse,
And oh (forgive the simile I pray),
Ye fifth and sixth, that sport beneath his sway,
Each at his pleasure, like a saucy frog,
In "Æsop's Fables" bullies poor King "Log."

F——.

THE EASY CHAIR.

Let rolling drums in thunder sound,
And trumpets rend the air;
A nobler theme my Muse has found,
In Saunders' easy chair.

One morn, when bells had bid us rise,
And haste to morning prayer;
What novel object met our eyes,
'Twas Saunders' easy chair!

We looked, we looked, we looked again;
'Twas no deception there.
Oh no! 'twas no illusion vain,
Pourtrayed that easy chair.

Of sturdy oak the chair was built,
And polished up with care;
The cushions which completed it,
Of blue morocco were;
How very nice 't must be to sit
In such an easy chair.

Unhappy Chapman, from on high,
How grievously he'll stare;
And, sighing, fix his envious eye
On Saunders' easy chair.

So new, so clean, so soft, so nice;
What with it could compare?
They must have paid a precious price
For that same easy chair.

And now, may Saunders—earnestly
The bard puts up his prayer—
Full long alive and kicking be
To fill his easy chair.

THE CIGAR.

Let Asia boast her realms afar,
Her spicy groves that scent the sky;
More sweet the fumes from my cigar
Than all the balms of Araby.

How sweet, at dewy eve, to rove!
When brightly shines the vesper star,
And wandering through the moonlit grove,
Calmly to puff the mild cigar.

Such are its joys; oh why, oh why,
Did Saunders all our pleasures mar,
Bid pipes from Charter-house to fly,
And banish the divine cigar?

Oh could S—d—n, and S—t return,
Again to head the sacred war,
Then would our hearts with ardour burn
To hoist our standard, "the Cigar."

Oh vainly then would Saunders rage,
And James our smoking parties mar;
Oh how uselessly he'd rage
With the proud chiefs of the Cigar.

And now no clouds of fragrance rise
At eve to many a wandering star,
No soothing sparkles greet our eyes,
For now is quenched the mild Cigar.

N——.

THE SCHOOL BOY'S COMPLAINT.

(In imitation of Cowper's "Negro's Lament.")

Forced from home, and all its pleasures,
Father's house I left, forlorn,
To increase a master's treasures,
To Carthusian mansions borne.

My lot was fixed, my place was taken,
Paid for too in paltry gold;
And thus, by all my friends forsaken,
Unwillingly at school enrolled.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are masters rights I ask,
Though they think themselves so clever,
Me to punish, me to task?

Vainly Saunders, Chapman, Penny,
Claim their rights to power and rule,
Though they seldom call us any
Names, but stupid ass and fool.

Why did all creating nature,
Plant that tree ? the schoolboys bane,
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
Cause of woe and bitter pain.

Think ye, masters, iron hearted,
Frowning from your thrones of state,
Think how many backs have smarted,
'Neath the object of our hate.

Are there, as ye sometimes tell us,
Mighty lords who govern all ?
Suffering boys, and masters jealous,
Meeting in the founder's hall ?

Do they order impositions,
Learning in our brains to hammer;
Will they teach us repetitions,
Or instruct us in our grammar ?

No, for ne'er a rule so cruel,
Shall our injured spirits brook,
Desks and blocks shall turn to fuel,
Lighted by the dread black book.

Now 's the hour and now 's the season,
For one well directed blow,
Can they call it daring treason,
Hark, our injuries answer, "No!"

By the hours which we have wasted,
In this dreary place of woe,
By the miseries we've tasted,
And the ills we undergo.

By our sufferings, since we entered
Chartreuse portals, opening wide,
When, our joy in freedom centred,
Hope at least remained outside.

Deem us therefore fools no longer,
Till some reason ye shall find
Worthier of regard, and stronger
Than your judgments of our mind.

Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
All your precepts worse belie.
Destitute of human feelings,
Subjects fit for mockery!!

AN ODE IN IMITATION OF SOUTHEY.

How beautiful is school,
The windows green as gooseberries in May ;
The masters faces brown as cocks of hay,
Proudly they rule,
Each one o'er his volume bending,
Or like orators extending,
Now for the black-book calling ;
While 'neath the broom,
In flogging room,
The little ones are bawling ;
So 'neath the canopy's shade,
Saunders his seat hath made,
Crimson curtains veil his head,
And round him their refulgent glories shed,
When a boy has made a blunder,
Black he looks as midnight thunder.
The culprit is called for,
The monitor's bawled for,
Execution follows,
The boy hollows ;
So beautiful is school.
How beautiful is green,

Where grass has every colour but its own,
Black, dingy, dirty brown, with noxious weeds o'ergrown
So the trees,
Shaking, and waving, in the autumn breeze,
With smut and smoke
Enough to choke
Any unfortunate wanderer below,
When the winds blow,
So beautiful the trees.
How beautiful the Cods,
Each one in chapel nods;
While Hale drawls out the lessons of the day,
And long-drawn snores proclaim their senses dozed away,
Till the organ's thundering peal,
Wakes again their slumbering zeal,
And soon, no more with sleep condemned to grapple,
They toddle out of chapel;
So beautiful the cods.
Thou passer by,
Who visitest the famed Carthusian Square,
Raise thine admiring eye,
And see the gloom that reigneth there,
And when thou journeyest on thy way—
Say, how beautiful is all
Within that wall—!!

THE POET'S LAMENT.

Haste, Muse, and leave Thessalia's plains,
Or where Castalia's streamlets go ;
Come, aid a luckless poet's brains,
And bid the polished stanza flow ;

Let others sing in varied strain,
And catch each subject on the wing ;
I haunt the Muse's court in vain,
And cannot tune my voice to sing,

Yet some there are who sit and scribble,
Then pause to mend their worn out pen,
Then at the feathery end they nibble,
Catch an idea, and start again.

I want a subject, " Do you ; well,"
Exclaims some friend, " I'll tell you one.
What do you think of ' Chapel Bell,'
Come, set to work, 'twill soon be done."

Then to a corner quick I run,
And sit and scribble all the day,
And when, at length, my task is done,
My verses swell into a lay.

Pleased with my deed, I snatch my book,
And try my rising pride to smother,
Then, with a self complacent look,
Exclaim, "I think I'll try another."

But, no I wont; no more I'll hammer
My brains, and waste my evenings thus,
My lay has gone for faults in grammar,
"Emendaturis ignibus."

THE MORNING BELL.

Composed by H. King.

What sound disturbs my slumbers deep?
Alas! I know it well.
Cease! cease! and let me go to sleep,
Thou odious, jingling bell.

Oh let me in my nice warm sheets
A little longer dwell,
The pattering rain the window beats,
It can't be true, thou bell.

For oh, the note of my disgrace
Peals out the doleful knell,
For sure as thou art made of brass
I shall be flogged, thou bell.

And, oh, the morn is chill and cold,
As well my nose doth tell;
For mercy's sake, thy clamours hold,
And wake me not, thou bell.

Oh leave me but a little time
To learn my lesson well,
But with thy old detested chime
Torment me not, thou bell.

Stay, I have thought; when prayers are o'er,
Tell Saunders I'm unwell;
Now, ring away, I'll snugly snore,
A fig for thee, thou bell.

HORÆ CARTHUSIANÆ.

Composed by Baynes, afterwards a Judge in India. Charter-house, April 1828.

Haste thou, when first Aurora from the ocean
Brings light to man, for such was Homer's notion.
At that prime hour was heard a wondrous sound—
Music above, beneath, and all around.
Confused, I wake—"confound it," there's the bell.
Oh! who'll tell Russell that I feel unwell?
At length the sad alternative I find,
Either get up or else remain behind.
Remain behind, and, two to one I'll bet,
A swinging imposition I shall get;
In fact, it's downright treason, 'gainst the rule,
Not to be washed and down in time for school.
Suppose my face half washed, my hair half brushed,
Fly to the door, 'tis all in silence hushed;
No sound is heard from out the classic den,
Save Russell's solitary, loud "amen."
Prayers over, open flies the door;
Now shall I get two hundred lines or more.

The doctor cries, with honest anger scarlet,
" Parse the four Georgics, slothful, idle varlet.
What can I make of such a wretch as you ?
You've never read your Homer's Iliad through.
My mind suspects, or rather it supposes,
You're wholly ignorant of the Metamorphoses."
After such rowing, rated as a fool,
At length dismissed, I hurry out of school,
Not waiting for the parting admonition,
To know Medea, and learn the repetition.
Now well greased rolls my longing lips allure,
And the best milk, though not exactly pure.
There now, my—oh what is ἀλκιμώτατον ?
Jove ! I don't know, but here's a lexicon.
Come, let's go out a bit ; you may as well.
Oh ! it's no use, for hark, there goes the bell.
Again in school, again the storm begins,
Again I hear my catalogue of sins.
" Sir, I scarce think that even you can see
Why in this passage I prefer the ' τε ;'
If you had read your notes you would have seen
Why Brunk rejects the ' τὸν ' and takes the ' τὴν.'
Now construe on "—" Οἵμοι τί δράσω."
What shall I do ? (by Jove, I say so)."
Sir, you were prompted, and you tried to cheat,
As bad as picking pockets in the street.

Go to the bottom, and translate the play,
You'll not go out on Saturday.
Now try and scan ; pr'ythee don't assist him,
His nurse has taught him th' Anapœstic system ;
And if she's not, she's very much to blame,
And every man of sense would say the same.
The youngest child in every nursery,
Ought to know all the rules of prosody.
"Τάλαιν'." "Ah, what, Sir ! is that the way,
You'll not translate, Sir, but you'll parse the play.
It's scarcely one, I think," "Yes, Sir, it's past."
"Now, go in order, but don't go too fast ;
You've stepped across a bench, come back, and try
To go again, with greater decency."

You've heard, perchance, to guard against the bile,
That, after dinner, you should sit awhile,
But he that does so here must needs be clever,
And learn his "De Officiis ;" when ? why never.
Scarce have you time to cast a hasty look,
In hopeless ignorance, on the hated book ;
When once again, from out its brazen throat,
The bell sounds forth the same unwearied note.
"Now for the English idiom—now then read,
Speak loud, distinct and audibly—proceed."
"This duty, therefore, to all men pertains,
That they should lawfully acquire their gains."

"Sir, do you call that English? I can tell you,
There's not a beggar that would read as you do.
And Mr. Irvine tells me, by-the-bye,
You've hit a fellow creature in the eye,
With a large stone—'Tis no use to deny it,
For Mr. Irvine swears he saw you shy it;
For this offence, Sir, you shall pay most dearly,
Allen, three rods, eighteen, and most severely."

This o'er, if Fortune prove your friend, you may,
Perchance, in quiet close the troubled day.
If, when at length dismissed, you leave the Doctor,
You 'scape the prying of the daily Proctor.
If you can do your verses or translation,
By dint of work, or dint of peculation.
But if, alas! the niggard, stingy Muse,
To your dull brain the needful aid refuse;
Poor luckless wight, I'm very sorry for ye,
If I were you, I'd fabricate a story,
Of some unheard of pain, some new complaint,
Whose dreadful torments made you feel quite faint.
Or of a shocking throbbing in your head,
Which forced you, much against your will, to bed.
There sleep and dream of future woe and sorrow,
Which you may guess will be your lot to-morrow.

THE CHAPEL BELL.

These lines are by Mr. Moncrieff, a veteran dramatist and poet, now a pensioner in the Charter-House, they were published in Chambers's Journal, August 1844.

"There is one peculiarity attending the ringing of the evening bell calculated to excite pious reflections among the aged brethren. It tolls as many times as there are brothers on the foundation; and if any one dies, his demise is made known by the bell tolling one less, till his place is filled up by a new appointment."

How oft, at close of parting day,
When light has bid the sky farewell,
The traveller pauses on his way
To list the Chartreuse evening bell,

Which, from prayer's shrine, proclaims around,
In heaven's own voice, with cheerful bome,
That eighty wanderers there have found
Rest, plenty, and a kindly home!

Blest sound! the breast with gladness swells,
That hears—we feel but heavy hearted,
When one knell *less* in silence tells
A brother hath in peace departed!

Yet death is robbed of half its sting,
And e'en the grave gains calmer rest
To think, when heavenward one takes wing,
'Twill make some other lone heart blest.

BROTHER BALDING AND BROTHER GREY.

(A conversation between two Pensioners).

The following is a humorous dialogue, overheard between two brothers in the chapel before service, and thrown into verse by Mr. Moncrieff.

"How find you yourself, brother Balding, to-day?"
Of a fellow poor brother asked poor brother Grey.
"Why, many thanks, brother; I can't say I'm ill,
Yet I cannot, exactly, somehow, say I'm well."

"Do you sleep well at night, Sir?" inquired brother Grey;
"Yes, I sleep pretty well, that I cannot but say;
I usually go to my bed about ten,
And don't wake till the same hour next morning again."

"Well, that's a great blessing," said poor brother Grey;
"I'm not quite so lucky, I'm sorry to say;
When I wake in the night, 'tis a full hour or more,
Ere again I can sleep." "Bless me, that's a great bore!"

"But how is your appetite?" asked brother Grey
"Do you find, Sir, your appetite falling away?"
"Why, no; I can eat, and drink too, for that matter;
There's no one more quickly can polish a platter.

And, yet, I somehow, though I cannot tell why,
Feel at times just as if I was *going to die.*
And then I am not quite so *strong* as I was;
My sight fails me sadly." "You don't say so? poz!"

"It can't be from age, for there's poor brother Bell
Is my senior three years, and he's perfectly well;
I was *but* eighty-one on my last natal day."
"*Eighty-one*! you're a *boy*, Sir," said old brother Grey.

"A positive boy! Why, Sir, I'm eighty-seven.
[*Here the Clergyman enters.*
But, stop; let's be thinking of going to heaven;
When we eat, drink, and sleep well, yet aint the thing *quite*,
Depend on it, Sir, that there's *something not right!*"

SONG OF THE MATRON.

By Henry Earle Tweed, July 1845.

I.

Mother Roberts was a dame of very doubtful fame,
As all the boys at Charterhouse could clearly prove;
In a fusty black silk gown she went flaunting o'er the town,
But the pride of her heart was her black kid glove.

II.

And ever thus she sung:—"In the days when I was young,
To see me was the same as to fall in love,
But now I've lost my charms, I'm obliged to hide my arms,
In a pair of fusty mittens or a black kid glove.

III.

Though my hands have lost their beauty, yet they still can do their duty,
From rolling out the pie-crust to polishing the stoves;
Yet though every avocation I pursue to admiration,
Full half the praise is due to my black kid gloves.

IV.

Having got a decent place, I should think it a disgrace
To dress like one unused in society to move.
'Tis my aim, at small expense, to be neat without pretence
And nothing could be neater than a black kid glove.

V.

As my hands are never seen, you may fancy they are clean;
I think it would be folly their cov'ring to remove.
To mend a dirty stocking with my fingers would be shocking,
That pleasure I reserve for my black kid glove.

VI.

'Tis with them I wipe my eyes, 'tis with them I help the pies
And more than I can tell you, the dirt upon them proves,
And I reasonably hope, I may save a deal of soap,
By wearing everlastingly my black kid gloves."

TREVENEN'S MISCELLANIES:

OR,

CARTHVSIAN DISSENTIONS.

TO THE METRE OF

"Chevy-Chase."

"Arma virumque cano.'
VIRGIL.

CHARTER-HOVSE:
MDCCCI.

I.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all,
A woeful battle once there did
In Charter-House befall.

II.

To signalize his mighty arm,
Jones senior took his way,
The child that is unborn may rue,
The fighting of that day.

III.

The general of th' inferior form.
Did swear a mighty vow.
He would lick Rigg most manfully,
And make a noble row.

IV.

Rigg sent to Jones, and said that he
Would soon prevent his sport,
The fifth form hero scorning that,
Did to the plain resort.

V.

With fourteen of most noble youths,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their fists aright.

VI.

Jones Senior to the school door went,
To see if Rigg was down,
And, quite impatient at delay,
Put on a dreadful frown.

VII.

"If that I thought they would not come,
No longer would I stay."
With that Young Jones, of Worcester town,
Did to the hero say:—

VIII.

"Lo! they are down, and here doth come
Their army, great and big;
With all his noble company
Here cometh Captain Rigg."

IX.

Jones Senior said, "My jolly boys,
Your courage forth advance,
For never was there champion yet
In England or in France

X.

That ever did with fists come out
I feared to oppose,
And durst encounter man for man
With him to break a nose."

XI.

Commander Rigg, with courage great,
Most like a baron bold,
Came foremost of his company,
Whose buttons shone like gold.

XII.

" Shew me," says he, " whose men ye be,
That look so deuced bold.
(About this time some shook with fear
As trembling with the cold)."

XIII.

The first that did an answer make
Was Captain Jones, 'twas he
Who said, " We list not to declare,
Or show whose men we be.

XIV.

Yet will we spend our dearest blood
To show what we can do;
We'll drub you all most heartily,
So take care all of you."

XV.

Then Jones did swear a mighty vow,
And thus in rage did speak,
"I will not be outbraved by thee,
Thou rotten-hearted sneak.

XVI.

Yet trust me, Rigg, it pity were,
And great offence to kill,
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.

XVII.

Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside,"
Then coward Rigg in secret said,
"I would this were denied.

XVIII.

For yon chief is exceeding bold,
And strong to cope withal,
Therefore it doth behove me much
To escape the dreadful fall."

XIX.

With that stepped forth a gallant youth,
Of Chancery Lane was he,
Peacock his name ; a hero bold
As you could wish to see.

XX.

Who said, " I would not have it told,
About in London town,
That I had stood by patiently,
And seen my chief knocked down.

XXI.

I'll do the best that I can do,
While I have strength to stand ;
While I have power to wield my arm,
I'll fight with heart and hand."

XXII.

Our fifth form heroes closed their fists,
Their hearts were good and true,
Now I'll begin with truth exact
To say what they did do.

XXIII.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found,
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay scattered on the ground.

XXIV.

O heavens ! it was a glorious sight,
And likewise for to hear
The cries of heroes on the ground,
And scattered here and there.

XXV.

At last both Jones and Rigg did meet,
Like captains of great might,
Like lions moved they to it fell,
And made a cruel fight.

XXVI.

They fought, until they both did sweat,
With fists as hard as steel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

XXVII.

But Captain Rigg soon saw it was
In vain for him to fight
With Captain Jones, "Alas!" says he,
"He is a warlike knight."

XXVIII.

Jones knocked him down upon the ground,
With blows that made him reel,
"Alas!" said rotten-hearted Rigg,
"Dejection great I feel."

XXIX.

Then did the fifth form hero turn,
To other parts I ween,
Said he, "from what I guess,
We're masters of the green."

XXX.

Not so! though Rigg, a coward great,
Lay breathless on the ground;
His followers most bravely fought,
And gained great renown.

XXXI.

But, hold! Lieut. General Fane
Ought not to be forgotten,
For why; he fought most manfully,
And, not like Rigg, was rotten.

XXXII.

He met with Rigg, and rushing swift,
He smote him on the head,
Ah me! Rigg, tottering on his legs,
Fell, yelling, down: I'm dead.

XXXIII.

"Indeed," says Fane, "thou liar great,
I would thou wert at hell:"
His arm again he raised on high,
On Rigg again it fell.

XXXIV.

Bell, mounting high, played well his part;
Destruction far and near
The hero spread: "God wot," said he,
"Bell, never yet feel fear."

XXXV.

Lieutenant Boothby was a knight
Most warlike to behold;
A fierce frown from his black sloe eyes,
Would make your blood run cold.

XXXVI.

Gordon fought well, but sneakingly;
From Scotland did he travel;
In what a manner he behaved,
The next verse shall unravel.

XXXVII.

When Ensign Hay had fallen down;
Unlucky fall! by Jove,
He beat poor Ensign, on the ground,
Which did not him behove.

XXXVIII.

All this time Hargrave was asleep,
Of Boswell Court the hero,
In war he was a coward wretch,
In fagging quite a Nero.

XXXIX.

A mediator Chapman was,
Of Margate town a boy;
Yet, well I ween he'd wished he'd been
In pretty Margate Hoy.

XL.

Trevenen out of Cornwall came,
A looker on was he;
He dwells at bright Bonithon Hall,
Which overlooks the sea.

XLI.

This fight did last, from twelve o'clock,
Until the clock struck one,
And when they rang the quarter-bell,
The battle scarce was done.

XLII.

Thus ended this most bloody fight;
The troops went to their diet.
I hope, in future, we shall all
Take good care to keep quiet.

XLIII.

God save the King, and bless the land,
With plenty, joy and peace,
And grant henceforth that foul debate
In public schools may cease.

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